

THE 1347. 298

The Pall-Mall GARLAND.

Composed of Four Excellent New SONGS.

SONG I. The Duxon Days of Pall-Mall.

SONG II. The Mostenful Damsels Tragedy.

SONG III. The Conquering Mallet, For, The Power of Love.

SONG IV. The Mistaken Maid.



Licensed by the Stationers Company.

Printed for J. Kew, in High-Market.

The Pall-Mall Garland, &c.

SONG I.

The Barom Lass of Pall-Mall

To the tune of, An old Woman Cloathed in Gray

A Lass that is bixom and young,
and wants to be married with speed,
Would willingly do't for a song,
because she's in very good need;
She lives in, or near, the Pall-Mall,
and wishes some Musical Spark,
Would come with his, fit la, fa lall,
and tickle her Ears in the Dark.

Good Offers she has had great store,
but none that wou'd with her go down,
But now a Bill's over the Door,

I'll engage she will bekle too soon:
It's a Lad with a competent Skill,
in musical Notes in the Dark,
Would snatch this brisk amorous Girl,
he says would accomplish the Work.

Sitters she has had, I may say,
of every sort and size,

But still she would not say, May,
for which I do think she's surpris'd;

May, she thinks, I believe, was the same,
and would gladly repent what she said,
But this I must say of her Name,

they say, she's a very good maid,



Besides

(1)
Besides being barren and young,
She wants too, what most Women have,
A glib and volubile Tongue,
Her Air betrays her Coarse and Greasy;
Her Size is in none of the least,
She is something inclined to be fat,
As white as the Snow is her breast,
Her — Pulse I could never count at.

Her Hair it is so very fine,
and also so wonderful long,
That above half a Score, not a time,
by it she has dragged along;
Each Barber would cut reap the Crop,
and court her with Razor in hand,
But still she put to them a Stop,
what, Sirs, Your Father won't Rand.

But now she's resolved to try,
how 'tis to play, Hey to the track,
And swear, for a Girl at a Day,
she'll venture a fling off her Back;
She says, she'll not bear him a stroke,
that dares for to give her fall,
Be bold then my Love, do not flinch,
she lives in, or near, the Fall-hall.

Her Eyes they look different ways,
yet each doth point to the same,
Her delicate Legs and her Thighs,
would any Man's Passion inflame;
She wants but a jolly young Man,
that has a good Nettle on his side,
And he shall as oft as he may
dip in her mistress's side.

(1)
SONG II.

The Mournful Damsel Traces
To an excellent New Tune

Was when the Tides were flowing
with hollow hum of wind,
A Damsel lay deplo'ring
all on a Rock reclined;
Wide o'er the rowling Billows
she cast a wishful look,
Her Head was smitten down with wild waves
that trembl'd o'er the Rock;
Twelve Months were gone and over,
and nine long tedious Days,
Why didst thou visit your Lover,
why didst thou trust the Seas?
Cease, cease then Cruel Goddard,
and let my Lover rest;
Ah! what's my troubled Motion,
to that wishin' Damsel?
The Merchant robb'd of Treasure,
views Tempests in Despair,
But what's the loss of Treasure
to losing of my Dear?
Should you some Quest to find him
where Gold and Diamonds grow,
You'd find a richer treasure
but none that loves you so;
How can they say, that Treasure
has nothing more in store,
Why then beneath the Waves
do's hideous Rocks repose?

No

No Eyes the Rocks didst see, that look beneath the Deep,
 To wrack the wandering Lover, and leave the Maid to weep,
 All melancholly lying, thus wailed she for her Dear,
 Repaid each Blast with sighing, each Billow with a Tear;
 When o'er the white Waves flooping,
 his floating Corpse she spied,
 Then like a Lilly drooping
 she bow'd her Head and cry'd

SONG III.

The Conquering Maiden; or, The Power of Love.

To the Tune of, *Howe's Song*.

Hark how the God of Love
 calls me away,
 While Phillis with her lovely Eyes
 bids me to stay;
 Her Fingers they are playing
 each lovely Art,
 Which tells me from Phillis
 I must not depart;
 I wou'd fain be a Rover,
 But Cupid does hover,
 And makes me her Lover,
 he hath wounded my Heart,
 Celia abraids me with
 Scorn and Disdain,
 And tells me I'm daily
 causing her Pain.

Such's my Rival, says she,
 you do prize,
 She kills with the Gauding
 And Art of her Eyes;
 You cannot withstand her,
 she reigns your Commander;
 A constant Philander,
 your Calls she does.

Phillis my lovely she laugh
 at her Pain,
 Saying, To love Man, she does think
 it is vain,
 Yet holds me a Captive
 to her Charms;
 If I go to embrace her,
 she flies from my Arms;
 The colder she treats me,
 The more she does heat me;
 Each Glance of her Beauty
 my Heart does alarm.

The Power of Love is
 unequally shar'd;
 The colder the Man, then,
 the fonder the Maid.
 She yields to his Rival
 his Bliss to annoy;
 Though scorns and despise him,
 with him she will toy.

Then offer to leave her,
She'll quickly endeavour,
With Arts, that are clever,
to tempt the good Boy.

S C E N E IV.

The Mistaken Maid. To a New Tune.

AT Noon on sultry Summer's day,
the brightest Lady of the May,
Young Cloria beautiful and gay,
sate knotting in a shade:

Her pretty fineries told their part,
with such a display of Art,
Which would have gain'd a lover's heart,
and warm'd the most decay;

At length her favour'd Swain came by,
She had him quickly in her eye;
She started up and thus did cry,
sweet Youth be not afraid.

Sweet gentle Youth, 'tis none but thee,
With whom in love I dare be free,
With such delight and Modesty,
come sit you down she said,

And lean thy head all in my lap,
While thy soft cheeks I'll stroke & clap,
You may securely take a Nap,
which he poor Soul obey'd.

(1)
She let her weary Needle fall,
And threw away her twining Ball,
And gave her Strophes such a cast,
As would awake the dead.

She saw him yawn and heard him snore,
And found him fast asleep all o're,

She started up, and said no more,
Sweet gentle Youth, said she;

Such Vertue thou rewardedst
For this thy silent Fidelity.

I'll trust thee with my Flock, nor me
Go mind your grasing Trade.

Go milk your Goats & feed your Sheep,
And watch all night your Flock to keep.

Thou shalt no more be lull'd to sleep
By me mistaken Maid.

F I N I S.

